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Once the Home of Many Prominent People.

From the Kansas City Times. Three miles south of Atchison is the sid of a dead city, whose streets once were filled with the clamor of busy traffic and

echoed to the tread of thousands of oxen and mules that in the pioneer days of the great west transported the products of the east across the great American desert to the Rocky mountains. It was a city in which for a few years 2,500 men and women and children lived

and labored and loved, in which many lofty aspirations were born, and in which several young men began careers that have become historical. This city was located on what the early

French voyagers called the "grand de-tour" of the Missouri river. It sprang into existence so suddenly and imperceptibly it might almost have been considered a creation of the magician's wand. It was named Sumner, in honor of the great Massachusetts Senator. Its official motto was "Pro lege et grege" (for the law

and the people). Summer's first citizens came mostly from Massachusetts. They had come to the frontier to make Kansas a free state, and to build a city within whose walls all previous conditions of slavery should be disregarded, and where all men born should

be regarded as equal. The growth of Sumner was phenomenal.

A lithograph printed in 1857 shows streets of stately buildings, imposing seats of learning, church spires that pierced the elegant hotels and theaters, the river full of floating palaces, its levee lined with bales and barrels of merchandise

tories hanging above the city, like a banner of peace and prosperity. landed at Sumner. On its hurricane deck was John J. Ingalls, then only twenty-four years old. As his eye swept the horizon his prophetic soul uttered these words: Behold the home of the future Senator

and the white smoke from numerous fac-

from Kansas."
Here the young college graduate, who since that day became a Senator from Kansas, lived and dreamed, until Sumner's star had set and Atchison's sun had risen and then he moved to Atchison, bringing with him Sumner's official seal and the key of his hotel.

Here lived that afterward brilliant author and journalist, Albert D. Richardson, whose tragic death some years ago in the counting room of the New Lork Tribune is well remembered. His "Beyond the Mis-sissippi" is to this day the most fascinating account of the boundless west ever writ-

ten. Here lived nine-year-old Minnie Hauk, who was one day to become a prima donna, and who was to wed Count Wartegg.

Minnie was born in poverty and cradled in adversity. Her mother was a poor washerwoman in Sumner. Here lived John E. Remsburg, the now noted author-lecturer and free thinker. Mr. Remsburg has probably delivered more

made and mended wagons.

wrath upon the slave owner. Here lived "Brother" and "Sister" Newcomb, from whom have descended a long comb, from whom have descended a long line of zeadous and eminent Methodists. Sumner was "abolitionist," Atchison was "border ruffian." In Atchison the "nigger" was a slave; in Sumner he was a fetich. It was in Atchison that the "abolition preacher," Pardee Butler, was tarred and feathered and set adrift on a raft in the river.

Jonathan Lang, alias "Shang," t'e hero of Senator Ingalls' "Catfish Aristocracy" and the "Last Mayor of Sumner," lived and died in Sumner. When all his lovely companions had faded and gone "Shang" still pined on the stem.
"Shang" continued to live in Sumner long

after every other citizen had moved away. and until every house save his miserable hut had vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving no wreck behind. He claimed and was proud of the title "the last mayor of Sumner." He died a few years ago, and a little later lightning struck his cabin and it was

devoured by flames. And thus passed away the last relic of Sumner. Atchison secured its first railroad. The

smoke from the locomotive engines drifted to Sumner and enveloped it like a pall. One day there was an exodus of citizens; their houses were torn down and the tim-bers thereof carted away, and foundation stones were dug up and carried hence. The forest, again unvexed by ax or saw, asserted its dominion once more, and today, beneath the shadow cast by mighty caks and sighing cottonwoods, Sumner lies dead and

Tennessee's Exposition.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

Tennessee had intended to have held, as a part of the celebration this year of the one-hundredth anniversary of her admission to the Union, a great centennial exposition, to last three months. So general has been the response of exhibitors to the invitations of the managers, and so great the pressure for a longer period, that it has been determined to postpone the opening of the exhibition to May 1, 1897, and have it continue six months.

It will be held in Nashville, and the work on the grounds and buildings was begun over a year ago. By June this year it is over a year ago. By June this year it is expected that seven great edifices will have been completed. Work is going on rapidly on the grounds, one of the beauties of which will be open spaces covered with the famous blue grass. The grounds cover an area of 200 acres about two miles west of the state capitol, and are easily accessible. The aggregate floor space of the buildings now under construction is 400,000

A Tramp's New Trick. From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

A tramp visited all the houses at Cloverport and begged from every kind lady he met a postage stamp with which to write a letter to his sick mother. He got the stamp every time, and went out of town with severy time, and went out of town with several dollars in his pockets as a result of the successful ruse.

is, I judge, a man with a strong backbone. He has opinions of his own, and is not afraid to act upon them. He comes out in striking contrast with Secretary Bayard, who had no backbone at all, and who was, and be drowned."

ABSOLUTELY PURE OPINIONS OF HIS OWN

Secretary Olney's Irish Face and Blood of a Bostonian.

WHO HE IS AND WHAT HE IS

How He Handles the Politicians and the Diplomats.

PLENTY OF BACKBONE

(Copyrighted 1896, by Frank G. Carpenter.) UR TROUBLES with Spain will make Richard Olney more and more pron inent in the minds of the American people He has been Secretary of State for only a few months, but his work has made that department the most important

branch of the government. He stirred up our patriotism in 's letter to more Salisbury as to Venezuela. By his action he brought the English to time, and he may be called the father of the fighting spirit which is now abroad in the land. Within the space of three months he has shown himself to be the strongest element n Cleveland's administration, and today ipon him, to a large extent, rests the question as to whether America shall have peace or war. Within less than three nonths he has jumped from comparative obscurity to international prominence, and

the democratic national convention. And still, with all this, neither the politicians nor the people know much about Richard B. Olney. He was not personally known to the people of Massachusetts before he was made Attorney General, and today the majority of the statesmen of the democratic party have no close personal relations with him. He has never been a politician, and does not know what it is to play the toady and lick boots to get office. He was one of the biggest lawyers of Massachusetts at the time of his appointment. He had a practice largely connected with railroads, which I am told was worth at least \$50,000 a year, and, like most railroad lawyers, he was to a great extent an autocrat in his own office. He saw whom he pleased and did as he pleased.

the situation at present is such that he

may be a strong presidential quantity at

Who Olney Is. But before I go farther as to Mr. Olney, the Secretary of State, let me tell you something as to Mr. Olney, the man. He is one of the most striking figures in Washington. His face is that of an Irishman though his blood is of Puritan blue. The pictures which have been published do not do justice to him. His face is strong and pugnacious. It is Irish in every feature, and though it is said that his ancestors emigrated to this country from England, they must have originally come from the vicinity of Cork. The first Olney settied at Salem, Mass. He was a preacher and his name was Thomas. He is said to have been the founder of the Baptist Church in America. One of his sons was a coionel in the revolutionary war, and another was a captain, who received a number of bullet and bayonet wounds dur-ing the struggle. Another Olney-who, I think, belonged to this same family-was the author of the Olney Geographies. These were used in the public schools of America for more than thirty years. They had it is said, a larger sale than any other book outside of Wesster's Spelling Book. They ran through ninety-eight different editions, and millions of copies of them were sold. of a bank in Oxford, Mass. Richard Olney, the Secretary of State, was his oldest child. He was born in 1835, and he is now just sixty-one years of age. He was educated at Brown University and the Har-vard Law School, and he began his study of the law under Judge Benjamin Franklin Thomas, one of the most famous lawyers of Massachusetts. He soon showed his fitness for the law, and it is said that he has

made a fortune out of his legal ability. An Athletic Secretary of State. Secretary Olney has better physical mahinery than any other man in the cabinet. He keeps himself in perfect condition by exercise. His joints are well oiled. His blood is full of iron, his eyes shine with life, and he has the springiest step of all those who tramp Pennsylvania avenue. There is no public man who goes to more dinners. There is no man who has a better digestion and a greater physical activity. He is the champion walker of the administration. He takes from a three to a five-mile walk

every day. Some people think that the Secretary of State is snobbish. I don't believe it. He is full of plain, practical common sense, but not having been brought up in the school of man in the United States.

Here Waiter A. Wood, the big manufacturer of agricultural implements, lived and cidedly independent. This is to be seen in his dress as well as in his actions. The dress Here Lovejoy, "the Yankee preacher," his dress as well as in his actions. The dres preached and prayed and invoked God's long Prince Albert coat, dark pantaloons and a high silk hat. Secretary Olney's favorite suit is of a business cut. He wears a sack coat, and I have seen him going down Pennsylvania avenue when the thermometer was rot far from zero without an overcoat. He wears an overcoat only in the coldest and stormiest weather. He has, like as not, bands in his pockets as he walks, and his hat is of a soft felt. He puts on the Prince Albert coat or the double-breasted frock only on diplomatic days when he receives his callers. On other days he is dressed like the most ordinary business man, and he could take a bicycle ride without changing his

clothes.

The Secretary believes in working while he works and in playing while he plays. He also evidently believes that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Hence his walks: hence also his ternis games. After the Secretary has finished his tennis in the home, has his bath and dresses for dinner He puts on a swallow-tail coat at such times and appears at the table in full evening dress. He has to do this in most cases, at least, for during the winter he is invited out to dinner nearly every night, and his position as Secretary of State keeps him busy in giving and returning such invitations.

Olney's Sunday Dinners.

And here, by the way, is one feature of our social festivities which many of the good church people at Washington do not like. It is the Sunday evening dinner, which is common among many of the diplomats, and which, I regret to say, is not unknown to Secretary Olney. He fre-quently gives dinners of a Sunday evening, and at such times has many of his friends at his table. Washington with all its sin has a strong religious element. One of the leading pastors preached against these din ners not long ago, and it will not be strange if an anti-Sunday dining society should be formed.

It is interesting to know how he prepares his state papers. When he has anything very his state papers. When he has anything very important to write he does not use a stenographer. He first takes a pencil and pad and writes out carefully just what he wants to say, and then hands the manuscript over to his typewriter to be copied. He revises carefully, and when the paper is completed it represents his exact thought. All of the important State Department papers which have been sent out during his administration have been written by him. He wrote all of the Bayard ten by him. He wrote all of the Bayard instructions except the last paragraph. This was written by President Cleveland.

He Has a Backbone.

I called upon Secretary Olney some time ago at the State Department. He talked with me for some time, but would not permit me to quote him in the newspapers. I could see, however, that he has a number of new ideas as to our diplomatic service, and that he is a big enough man not to be twisted around the fingers of Julian Pauncefote, the British minister, or of the other wily diplomats of Washington. He is, I judge, a man with a strong backbone.

I believe, the weakest man who ever held the portfolio of state. Bayard was always an English trimmer. When he was Secre-tary of State he knuckled down to the English, and he was only happy when he was giving a luncheon to some of the Eng-lishmen who now and then come to the capital

Olney and Cleveland. Secretary Olney has a summer home not

far from Gray Gables, where Cleveland has been spending his summer vacations, and it was probably through the acquaintance there formed that the President chose him as Attorney General. I am told that Olney ook the place thinking that his work would be, to a large extent, judicial in its nature. He found it was much more political than anything else. It is said that he was much disgusted with it, and that he was glad to leave it for the Secretaryship of State. While he was Attorney General, Cleveland advised with him as to state matters, and the two are very close to one another upon all matters relating to the administration. Olney is made of different stuff from the average cabinet minister that Cleveland has d. During his last administration the different Secretaries were only clerks to the President, and this is, to a large extent. the case today, with the exception of Secretary Olney. Olney has an opinion of his own on every subject. He always has a reason for his op.nion, and Cleveland, obstinate as he is on most matters, is always amenable to reason. As to whether Cleveland really wants a third term or not I am not able to say. As to whether he wants Olney to be President, I do not know, but what was intended by Dr. Leavitt in applyt is very certain that Olney would make a better presidential candidate than any o.her man in the cabinet. A Word About Mrs. Olney.

Secretary Olney lives here at Washington Rhode Island avenue. His house is within a stone's throw of the statue of Gen. Scott and about six blocks from the White House. It is a cream-colored brick of three stories and contains in the neighborhood of twenty rooms. His wife presides over the establishment, and one of his daughters, Mrs. Minot, is with him. He has, I believe, a Minot, is with him. He has, I believe, a second daughter, who is married to a physician and who lives in Germany. Mrs. Olney comes of an ancestry quite as nated as that of the Secretary. She is a daughter of the Judge Thomas with whom Mr. Olney studied law. While the future Secretary was courting Blackstone he courted Miss Thomas as well, and the result of his courtship was marriage. The Thomases courtship was marriage. The Thomases came over to this country from England at a very early date. Mrs. Olney's great-great-grandfather was Isaiah Thomas, one of the founders of the Massachusetts Spy. of the founders of the Massachusetts Spy. This paper began its publication in 1770. It was a tri-weekly and was very strongly anti-British. The tories tried to break it up, and Mrs. Olney's great-great-grand-father had to flee a number of times with his type and machinery, in order to save it. This man Thomas was with Paul Revere on that famous ride, when he carried the news of the crossing of the Charles river by the British troops to the inhabitants of the interior towns. It was the ride celebrated by Longfellow in that poem ride celebrated by Longfellow in that poem which begins as follows:

which begins as follows:

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that day and year.
He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the befry arch
Of the North Church Tower as a signal light—
Ore, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And i on the oppesite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm
For the country folk to be up and to arm."
Weil, Mrs. Olney's great-great-grandia; be-

Well, Mrs. Olney's great-great-grandfather was with Paul Revere when he took the ride, and it was in his "Masaschusetts' Spy," on the 3d of the next month, that he printed the motto:

"Americans, liberty or death! Join or die."
Now, one hundred and twenty years later,
the great-great-granddaughter of this man is
wife of the Secretary of State who is causing England more trouble than any Se tary we have had for the past two genera-tions. It is queer, is it not, how, to a cer-tain extent, history repeats itself? FRANK G. CARPENTER.

CYCLING CHAPERONAGE. A New Occupation for Poor Gentle-

women From the Pall Mali Gazette.

new occupation is looming up on the impreunious woman's horizon. It is a significant fact that mothers who advertise for governesses require a knowledge, apon the instructress' part, of cycling, in order that she may accompany her young charges when they go a-wheeling. It seems likely that a new remunerative em-ployment nay open up for women in the

form of cycling chaperonage. In regard to the much discussed question of dress, a skirt long enough to reach six or seven inches below the knees, this beseems to find many advocates. Few people are really decided about knickerbockers The other morning there were two girl cy clists on the platform of a country station.

One wore a short skirt, the other knickerbockers. The contrast was remarkable, the latter looking conspicuous and far from graceful. She could not even walk about without im'tating a masculine swagger and thrusting her hands in her pockets. was not an impressive figure, all her femi-

ninity having disappeared. There is a skirt which English wome are wearing for cycling which gives per-fect freedom and makes life on wheels worth living. The peculiarity of this skirt is the clever introduction of a wide trou ser, which gives the freedom of a knicker bocker with the appearance of an ordinary walking skirt. It is made of serge or tweed, lined with slik. A blouse and short jacket are worn to complete the costume.

The clever English girl who wishes to go

to a dinner party or a dance and does not own that luxury, a carriage, mounts her wheel in wheeling costume, her evening dress neatly folded up in a box or bag being secured to the blcycle in some ingenious way, and off she goes, with her father or her brother as an escort. Upon the arrival at the scene of festivities, she slips into her gown as easily as you please.

BARBERS IN AUSTRIA.

They Must Serve a Three Years' Apprenticeship. From the New York World.

The Austrians take no chances with their barbers. They must be good, and the Barbers and Wigmakers' Union of Vienna sees to it that are. Provision is also sees to it that the provision is also from outside sources. I told the doctor of made in their code for women barbers who the battle of the roof, and he promised to desire to carry on the business of their husbands in case of the latter's death or

But in order to do this the wife must have been enrolled in the union as an apprentice for three years. Apprentices, by the rules of the union, must appear in Vienna in the presence of judges of the union and show their skill before they are allowed to open shops of their own. A properly certified barber must have a knowledge of and pass an examination in shaving, hair-cutting, hair-curling and wignafing, and during the period before the issuance of a certificate the poor and others

who are frigal serve as subjects for ex periment.

At the examination the young men have their razors dulled by four strokes in a pine plank, and they must then sharpen them. A subject is assigned to each, who must be tonsorially perfect, in the opinion of the judges, when the apprentice has re-

After this a certificate is issued and the apprentice serves two years as a journey-man before he may open a shop as an em-ployer. The average age of apprentices when they begin to learn their trade is From the Albany, Journal. thirteen years.

Fish in an Old Well. From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Some queer fish were taken out of the ecently reopened well on the United States fish station at San Marcos, Tex. There were several salamanders, varying in length from an inch and a half to four and a half inches. These creatures live on land or water, have human-looking faces, hands and feet, bulldog head, tail of an eel and body of fish. There were also large num-bers of shrimps, resembling sea shrimp, only much smaller. It is an artesian well, and everybody wants to know where the creatures come from.

A Stern Remedy.

From the Adams (Mass.) Freeman. "Johnny," screamed his mother, "why

CURE FOR TOOTHACHE. Experiments With the Cathode Rays,

but Diet is Important. From the New York Herald, Dispatches received in his city recently brought the information that an American dentist in Paris, had discovered a cure for toothache which was not temporary in its effects, but which, cace applied, would permanently prevent the recurrence of the all-

The assertions:created a stir among the dentists in New York, who have been regarded in advance of their professional brethren in other parts of the world. They discussed the announcement from many points of view and were particularly interested in the additional statement that the medium which was to be used by Dr. Leavitt was the X rays, of which so many things have already been written and many more promised. The general impression seemed to be that

Dr. Leavitt spoke to the reporter of Le Soir, the Parisian newspaper, which first gave publicity to the discovery, in parables. The supposed influence of the cathode rays is to dissipate certain accumulations, but whether they will have any effect on congestion of the dental nerves required in the treatment of toothache the dentists in this city are

What He Probably Intended.

A number of dentists seen agreed that ing the cathode rays to dental surgery is in producing a much more effective method of studying the phenomena attending the development of local irritations of this sort than is possible now. At present the inin a house on the corner of 17th and terior of a tooth may be illuminated by Rhode Island avenue. His house is within the two blocks of the British legation, within The result of this illumination is to bring out very clearly most of the conditions of a diseased tooth, though not all.

The X ray would be of immense advan-

tage, dentists say, in discovering any ac-cumulation of discased matter along the jawbone. This is too opaque to permit the ne researily limited illumination possible at present to penetrate. There have been several well-known dentists investigating this possibility in the use of the Roentgen ray, and, though they say that they are not yet ready to make their deductions public, they speak of what they have found as of much interest, not alone to the profession, but also to those unfortunates who have poor So far as a permanent cure for toothache

is concerned, the dentists say that it has been already found, but it is not one of those things which can be bought at the corner drug store or at the nearest electrician's, but it is a matter of gradual de-velopment of the person who desires to be without this torment. The recent statistical information of the New York College of Dentistry shows that unless persons are very careful in the course of a number of successive generations the Caucasian race will be without any teeth at all.

There is a general disinclination among the more highly civilized peoples to avoid foods which are bone makers. The general distike of fats and of foods which have large proportions of lime in them is doing its work very rapidly, and comparatively soon, it is said, there will be no toothache, because there will be no teeth.

Teeth Without Enamel.

It has been found that among many children recently the second, or permanent, teeth are appearing without the necessary enamel to protect them. The result of the formation of teeth of this description is that they are not as lasting as the first teeth, and once the nerve is reached the suffering of the child is, of course, intense. It is now the praptice to begin the treat-ment of children for their teeth before they are torn in instances where the mother is not strong or where she has shown any marked fragility of the bones. Foods are given her that are bone producing, so that the child may teap the benefit of this form

of nutriment. [1] Where this has been begun too late the child is put on a systematic diet of cod liver oil and phosphates of lime and soda, with other natural foods which will go to the formation of enamel on the teeth and bone. Dentists declare that if such a system is insisted upon by parents and carried out with antiseptic treatment of the early teeth there is really no reason why men and women who have been subject to this early care should have toothache, or, indeed, lose their teeth at all save by acci-

SPARROW AND CAT.

A Battle on a Roof in Which Thomas Got the Worst of It.

Shreveport, La., Correspond nee Philadelphia Times. While sitting at my office window yesterday I witnessed a queer battle between a cat and a bird on the roof of the big brick building opposite. The cat was a pitifully lean and hungry-looking individual, and the bird was an English sparrow, of course The battle was as spirited as the nature of the combatants would lead one to suppose it would be. The cat was after quarry, and did not mind playing for high stakes, while the sparrow was lively game. Whether the bird had a freehold right to the roof, having pre-empted building space somewhere among the chimney-tops, and was dead against the cat's jumping the claim, I couldn't make out, but that the sparrow felt himself to be the cock of the walk was a sure thing. He flitted and flitted about the cat, nipping and snapping at judicious intervals, and made the fur fly more than once. But the cat was hungry. She did not try to work the hypnotism, cacket on the bird a little bit. Tom showed his hand favor. Once or twice I thought he was winning, too, he made such nigh leaps and flung his paw so frantically, but the sparrow bebbed up serenely every time. Finally the bird withdrew, perching himself on the edge of the highest chimney on the roof, peering from his coign of vantage in-quiringly down on the cat below. I don't know whether the sparrow was doing this to get a short breathing spell or to work a bit of stratagem on poor Tem. At all events, the latter result followed the move, for the cat made a wild leap, going quite over the bird's head, and disappeared down the depths of the chimney.

This ended the battle, of course, but, as

events proved, it did not end the cat. I located the chimney as running up from the office of a physician whom I knew, so I went over to inquire, but the cat had not been heard from. The doctor had had his fireplace bricked up, and uses a stove now, with the pipe entering the flue near the celling, so nothing could be learned of Tom report developments. This morning when he got down to his office things were lively. The cat had recovered from the fall and lifted up his voice in loud lamentations. The doctor telephoned me at once to come over, and I heard the cat's yells as he hung

By and by I went for Jim Daggs, a chimney sweep.

"Spect we'll ha' ter fish fur dat cat, boss," he said, when I told him my story, so he wound a long rope around his waist and brought along some bread and bones from his freshly finished breakfast.

Jim Daggs mounted to the roof, and I went up to my effect to see what would went up to my office to see what would

happen.

Jim made two or three knots in one end Jim made two or three knots in one end of the rope, then tied a bit of bread and a bone about six inches above and dropped his bait down the chimney. He sounded about, here and there, and pretty soon I saw him drawing in.

"I'se got him, boss," Jim Daggs called over, and presently I saw the cat come up through the chimney's mouth, clinging to the rope and gnawing the bone.

An Alarm Sent Over 200 Miles.

A resident of Catskill recently told me the following remarkable incident, which cannot but be of interest to all interested in fire-alarm systems. The engineer on a passing freight train saw the fire last Sunday morning that destroyed the store of Ed. Hallenbeck, only a few feet from the Ed. Hallenbeck, only a few feet from the Central station. On reaching Germantown he told the night operator, who telegraphed the fact to New York, New York telegraphed it to Hudson and Hudson telephoned the alarm to Catskill. Is there anything on record to beat this—an alarm of fire sent over 228 miles?

are you sitting on your brother's chest?
You'll kill him." "I know it," retorted the urchin. "If I let him up he'll go swimmin"

WIFE DRUG GROOM ARP PLAYOR

STORY OF A PARROT.

Chickens.

It Cared for a Motherless Brood of A really remarkable parrot story come

directly from the owner of the bird. "Last spring," says the veracious wo man, whose home is in the suburbs, "my children were presented by a neighbor with a hen and brood of chickens. The hen was placed in the usual slatted box on the sunny lawn at the rear of the house, and the little animated balls of yellow down ran about at will in front of it. They were frequently watched by Jim, a pet parrot, whose cage was often on the same patch of turf. One day, by an accident, the hen coop was overturned, and the unfortunate mother caught in it in such a way as to be strangled. The suddenly made orphans, so long as the hen lay there before them, kept up their visits to her neighborhood, but when, not long after the happening, she was removed and the coop set up again, it evidently had no attractions for them.
"We were rather concerned as to what to "We were rather concerned as to what to do with the little chicks, thus deprived of their natural protector, but we need not have been. When they found no one to answer the disconsolate 'peep, peep!' at the same place, they looked about for another home. The open door of Jim's cage attracted them, and presently one of the boldest, after coquetting about the door for several minutes ventreed in the op his

several minutes, ventured in. Jim, en his perch, watched the intruder with a slanting eye that we distrusted, but we did the bird a great injustice. He remained motionless, as if fearful to cause alarm while the chick pecked at various bits of food litter-ing the floor of the cage. Encouraged by ing the floor of the cage. Encouraged by the evident success of this pioneer work, the other chicks approached, and at last every one of them got inside, finishing every eatablo scrap they found. Jim, meanwhile, sai, like a malachite statue on his perch, apparently unconscious of what was going on, though we could see that nothing escaped that watchful oblique glance. When the chicks had devoured all they could find, they went le'surely out. We took the hint and put water and food for them in Jim's cage, and all the afternoon they made themselves entirely at home. Jim got over themselves entirely at home. Jim got over his rigidity and seemed to enjoy the invasion of his castle. He called them several times with a perfect imitation of the clucking of a hen, and the chicks invariably responded. As night approached, they went contentedly to the cays and crowbed went contentedly to the cage and crouched down on the floer to sleep. Jim didn't quite know what was expected of him then, but he acted according to his lights. He settled himself on his lowest perch and coaxed two or three chicks up beside him, encouraging them in their efforts to roost. In a few nights he had the what he was the coaxed two or three chicks up beside him. In a few nights he had the whole brood roosting in the cage as contentedly as they had ever done under their mother's wing. From this time until they were well wing. From this time until they were well grown Jim's quarters were theirs, and though he never went out to scratch food for them, he saw his larder daily eaten bare by his voracious adopted family without a protest. "When they were b'g, long-legged chick-

"When they were b'g, long-legged chickens, he evidently decided one day that the time for protection and hospitality was past. They were bigger than himself and quite able to look after themselves, and he forcibly intimated that they must do so, by driving them out of the cage and refusing thereafter to permit one of them to cross its threshold. To prove that his previous conduct had been voluntary, and not inspired by any sense of his inability to cope with the invading army, not a mouthful of food or a sip of water could these chickens get from his domain after he had unens get from his domain after he had un-dertaken to prevent them. Altogether, we regarded it as a very curious and interestng experience."

Changes in English Country Life. From Notes and Queries.

A north British quer'st asks: "Are there nilkmaid-lads in England?" And he is right of course, in objecting to such a term. But the question reminds one that the milk-maid, a feature as much of English poetry as of English country life, is all but ex tinct. Long ago she had given place to the man, who still does most of the milking. But he in turn has to give way he-fore machinery! A machine is now in use by which ter cows can be milked in ten minutes. The Graphic of October 12 last, in commenting upon it, says: "The milkmaid is threatened:" evidently unconsciou that she had already departed. "I'm going a-milking, sir, she said!" will need a note of explanation for the next generation. earing. At all events, in many parts they are unknown. Five-and-thirty years ago, in Yorkshire, it was the regular arrangement for the farm laborers to sleep in the house and take their meals together in a vast kitchen set apart for their use. But the bond which united employer and employed has been broken. This shows itself in other changes. Perquisites, such as firewead chimally. firewood, skim milk, fallen fruit, and glean corn, were freely granted of old. Now that the laborer owns no bond, and agitates fo higher wages and shorter time, these per-quisites have naturally been stopped. True home-made bread is gradually becoming rarer. Every big village has its thriving baker, who "does" the district with his cart. Of course he professes to sell what he calls "home-made," but there is little comfort in the name.

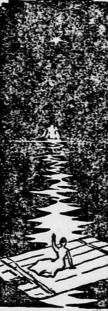
is little comfort in the name.

Thatching is going out of fashion, and corrugated iron, among other things, is taking its place. In some districts already only one competent thatcher can be found. The smock-frock, although not extinct, is slowly going out of use. On a market day in some small country town a wagoner from a remote part may occasionally be seen in this quaint, primitive, picturesque and servicable garment. But he is quite singular, and obviously a survival.

Twice One. From the Atlanta Opinion.

First Author-"Have you heard that our chum Smithers Las married?" Second Author—"Yes, he wanted to double his circle of readers."

> THE STAR OF HOPE. "I had lost all hope and gone to



Coryell Co., Texas. baby a year ago, the 5th of June last," she adds, "and seemed to do very well for 8 or 9 days, and then I began to feel very bad, my feet began to swell my stomach was al wrong and I seemed to suffer with everything that could be borne. I was in bed 5 months and there was not a day that it was not a day that it seemed could live. We had the best doctors that our country afforded. I Every one that saw me thought that I would never get well. I had palpita-

my father's to die," said Mrs. MOLIE

tion and pain in the heart, terrible pain in my right side just under the ribs, terrible headaches all the time; a bearing down sensation; a distressed feeling in my stomach all the time; could hardly eat anything and it looked as if I would starve. All the time I would take such weak trembling spells, and it seemed as if I could not stand it. There were six doctors treating me when I commenced taking your medicine. I had lost all hope and gone to my father's to die. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and his 'Pavorite Prescription' together, and I took them regularly until I felt as if life was morth living owner. worth living again."

"I weigh more than I have weighed for ten years. My friends say that I look better than they ever saw me. The first two bot-tles did me more good than all the medicine had taken. My stomach has never hurt me since. I can eat anything I want and as much as I want. If you want to use this in favor of your medicine, I am a living witness to testify to it, and will, to anybody who wants to know further of my case."

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The prescription of one of Washington's eldest and most eminent physicians. It instantly relieves and permanently cures RHEUMATISM, NEURAL-GIA, GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO and all aches and pains due to URIC ACID polson. It purifies the blood, stimulates and restores the kidneys, improves the health and gives tone and vigor to the entire system. Price, \$1 per bottle; trial size, 50c. KOLB PHABMACY, 438 Seventh st. R.W., coc. E mbi-176

EYEBROWS AND EYELASHES.

A Little Attention Will Make Then Beautiful Features.

It is really wonderful to see how very little attention is bestowed, as a rule, on the eyebrows and the lashes. A woman will worry herself thin and make the lives of her household unendurable if her hair is falling off, or she has a pimple on her

chin, but she pays less than no regard to the state of any other part of her face. As long as there are enough lashes to pro tect the eyes, and the eyebrows are thick enough to make their presence known, she rests content-unaware perhaps that much of the attractiveress of her face entirely depends on these minor points that she

seems to despise.

Not every one possesses that delicate, high-arched curve that is the height of perfection in an eyebrow, or the long curling lashes without which no heroine of fiction ever yet was complete. As a rule, scantiness of hair characterizes the one and short stubbiness the other. A great deal of this unloveliness is owing to the lack of care which nurses and mothers take of their children's appearance, and the stupid habits they let a child get into

regarding them. Eyebrows to be perfect should be slightly arched, and the hair of the same length and softness. It should not be too bushy, or it makes us look unduly fierce and masculine; or too scanty, so that we look characteriess and insipid. The color should be a shade darker than the hair.

The brows must never be rubbed or brushed, except from the roots to the ends. Some people contract a bad habit in child-hood of rubbing them the other way, and the effect is both grotesque and painful to behold. The hairs will never after lie as flat as they ought to do, and bristle in annat as they ought to do, and bristle in in-expected places. A tiny comb and brush should be used daily on them to keep them soft and smooth. They should be most carefully washed every day, and the same care must be taken about the direction they are rubbed in. They should have vaseline gently smoothed over them once or twice a week. This will keep them in perfect health and serve to strengthen and perfect health and serve to strengthen and thicken them. Where they are very scanty and coming out very much, there is noth-ing better to use than a few drops of cas-tor oil in a little paraffin.

They are sometimes apt to get a little scurfy. When this is the case, vaseline must be put on the spot, and it must be bathed with hot water and a little Vinolia soap till it is cured. On no account must

it be rubbed.

Eyelashes should be long and curling. and when they are like this, they are most attractive and bewitching. A child's lashes may be siightly clipped now and then at the extreme points, and will be longer and better in consequence. But this should rever be done when a person grows older, as the only effect it has then is to make them coarse and stubby.

Vaseline rubbed on every few nights keeps the lashes in good order, and will

prevent them sticking together on waking.
All "make-up" near the eyes is very dangerous to the sight, so no cosmetics or darkening pomades must be allowed to touch the lashes.

"All Ready." From the Cleveland Post.

"And what crowd is that?" asked the English tourist of the New Yorker. "That's Professor Langer and party go ing in search of the north pole. "And who are these?"

"These are Professor Whacker and party, who will search for the south pole' "Ah! Scient fic expeditions, of course?"
"Yes, as soon as they reach their destinations Banger and Whacker are going have a finish glove fight!"



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The compounders of Dr. Charcot's Kola Nervine

Tablets are prepared to prove the truth of these strtements. The remedy has become want wholesale druggists call a "Phenomenal Seller," becruse those who take it learn, by good results, to have absolute faith in it. Hundreds say, "Send me another box of the Kola Nervine Tablets, I want a friend to share the benefits I have received from the remedy." Retail druggists, by the bundreds, testify that they have no complaints but receive scores of recommendations from customers who have used the Tablets. The remedy has leaped into the

favor every day. As an example here is a letter from Mr. Wm. H. Kuight, the well-known apothecary of No. 97 Court street, Boston, Mass., bearing date of Jan. 28, 1896: "Gentlemen: The constantly increasing sale of Dr. Charcoi's Kela Nervine Tablets and the favorable results reported, warrant me in stating that you have put upon the market a remedy that sells upon its merits. Kela, in this form, is most desirable. Yours, truly. WM. H. KNIGHT." If you are a sufferer from nervous debility, sleeplersness, exhaustion of brain or body, rest

essness, dyspepsia, indigestion or kindred ills, this

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